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Robert Bloomfield

Pub. by Vernor & Hood Poultry, Jan.1.1802.

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[illegible] TALES

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RURAL TALES,

BALLADS, AND SONGS:

BY

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

AUTHOR OF

THE FARMER'S BOY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY;

AND

LONGMAN AND REES, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1802.

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PREFACE.

THE Poems here offered to the public were chiefly written during the interval between the concluding, and the publiſhing of "the "Farmer's Boy," an interval of nearly two years. The pieces of a later date are, "*the* "*Widow to her Hour-Glaſs*," "*The Faken-*"*ham Ghoſt*," "*Walter and Jane*," &c. At the time of publiſhing the Farmer's Boy, circumſtances occurred which rendered it neceſſary to ſubmit theſe poems to the peruſal of my Friends: under whoſe approbation I now give them, with ſome confidence as to their moral merit, to the judgment of the public. And as they treat of village man-

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ners, and rural ſcenes, it appears to me not ill-tim'd to avow, that I have hopes of meeting in ſome degree the approbation of my Country. I was not prepar'd for the decided, and I may ſurely ſay extraordinary attention which The Public has ſhewn towards the Farmer's Boy: the conſequence has been ſuch as my true friends will rejoice to hear; it has produc'd me many eſſential bleſſings. And I feel peculiarly gratified in finding that a poor man in England may aſſert the dignity of Virtue, and ſpeak of the imperiſhable beauties of Nature, and be heard, and heard, perhaps, with greater attention for his being poor.

Whoever thinks of me or my concerns, muſt neceſſarily indulge the pleaſing idea of gratitude, and join a thought of my firſt great friend Mr. Lofft. And on this head, I believe every reader, who has himſelf any feel-

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ing, will judge rightly of mine: if otherwiſe, I would much rather he would lay down this volume, and graſp hold of ſuch fleeting pleaſures as the world's buſineſs may afford him. I ſpeak not of that gentleman as a public character, or as a ſcholar. Of the former I know but little, and of the latter nothing. But I know from experience, and I glory in this fair opportunity of ſaying it, that his private life is a leſſon of morality; his manners gentle, his heart ſincere: and I regard it as one of the moſt fortunate circumſtances of my life, that my introduction to public notice fell to ſo zealous and unwearied a friend *.

* I dare not take to myſelf a praiſe like this; and yet I was, perhaps, hardly at liberty to diſclaim what ſhould be mine and the endeavour of every one to deſerve. This I can ſay, that I have reaſon to rejoice that Mr. *George Bloomfield* introduced *The Farmer's Boy* to me. C. L.

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I have received many honourable teſtimonies of eſteem from ſtrangers; letters without a name, but fill'd with the moſt cordial advice, and almoſt a parental anxiety, for my ſafety under ſo great a ſhare of public applauſe. I beg to refer ſuch friends to the great teacher Time: and hope that he will hereafter give me my deſerts, and no more.

One piece in this collection will inform the reader of my moſt pleaſing viſit to *Wakefield Lodge:* books, ſolitude, and objects entirely new, brought pleaſures which memory will always cheriſh. That noble and worthy Family, and all my immediate and unknown Friends, will, I hope, believe the ſincerity of my thanks for all their numerous favours, and candidly judge the poems before them.

R. BLOOMFIELD.

SEPT. 29, 1801.

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P. S. Since affixing the above date, an event of much greater importance than any to which I have been witneſs, has taken place, to the univerſal joy (it is to be hoped) of every inhabitant of Europe. My portion of joy ſhall be expreſſed while it is warm. And the reader will do ſufficient juſtice, if he only believes it to be ſincere.

OCTOBER 10.

PEACE.

1

HALT! ye Legions, ſheathe your Steel:
Blood grows precious; ſhed no more:
Ceaſe your toils; your wounds to heal
Lo! beams of Mercy reach the ſhore!
From Realms of everlaſting light
The favour'd gueſt of Heaven is come:
Proſtrate your Banners at the ſight,
And bear the glorious tidings home.

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2

The plunging corpſe with half-clos'd eyes,
No more ſhall ſtain th' unconſcious brine;
Yon pendant gay, that ſtreaming flies,
Around its idle Staff ſhall twine.
Behold! along th' etherial ſky
Her beams o'er conquering Navies ſpread;
Peace! Peace! the leaping Sailors cry,
With ſhouts that might arouſe the dead.

3

Then forth Britannia's thunder pours;
A vaſt reiterated ſound!
From Line to Line the Cannon roars,
And ſpreads the blazing joy around.
Return, ye brave! your Country calls;
Return; return, your taſk is done:
While here the tear of tranſport falls,
To grace your Laurels nobly won.

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4

Albion Cliffs—from age to age,
That bear the roaring ſtorms of Heav'n,
Did ever fiercer Warfare rage,
Was ever Peace more timely given?
Wake! ſounds of Joy: rouſe, generous Iſle;
Let every patriot boſom glow.
Beauty, reſume thy wonted ſmile,
And, Poverty, thy cheerful brow.

5

Boaſt, Britain, of thy glorious Gueſts;
Peace, Wealth, and Commerce, all thine own:
Still on contented Labour reſts
The baſis of a laſting Throne.
Shout, Poverty! 'tis Heaven that ſaves;
Protected Wealth, the chorus raiſe,
Ruler of War, of Winds, and Waves,
Accept a proſtrate Nation's praiſe *.

* A moſt animated and pleaſing Ode on an event moſt deſirable to Britain, France, and Mankind. C. L.

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RICHARD AND KATE:

OR,

FAIR-DAY.

A SUFFOLK BALLAD.

1

'COME, Goody, ſtop your humdrum wheel,
'Sweep up your orts, and get your Hat;
'Old joys reviv'd once more I feel,
'Tis Fair-day;—ay, *and more than that.*

2

'Have you forgot, KATE, prithee ſay,
'How many Seaſons here we've tarry'd?
'Tis *Forty* years, this very day,
'Since you and I, old Girl, were *married!*

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The Deliberation.

3

'Look out;—the Sun ſhines warm and bright,
'The Stiles are low, the paths all dry;
'I know you cut your corns laſt night;
'Come; be as free from care as I.

4

'For I'm reſolv'd onee more to ſee
'That place where we ſo often met;
'Though few have had more cares than we,
'We've none juſt now to make us fret.'

5

KATE ſcorn'd to damp the generous flame
That warm'd her aged Partner's breaſt:
Yet, ere determination came,
She thus ſome trifling doubts expreſs'd.

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6

'Night will come on; when ſeated ſnug,
'And you've perhaps begun ſome tale,
'Can you then leave your dear ſtone mug;
'Leave all the folks, and all the Ale?'

7

'Ay KATE, I wool;—becauſe I know,
'Though time has been we both could run,
'Such days are gone and over now;—
'I only mean to ſee the fun.'

8

She ſtraight ſlipp'd off the Wall, and Band *,
And laid aſide her Lucks and Twitches *:
And to the Hutch † ſhe reach'd her hand,
And gave him out his Sunday Breeches.

* * Terms uſed in ſpinning. † Hutch, a cheſt.

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9

His Mattock he behind the door
And Hedging-gloves again replac'd;
And look'd acroſs the yellow Moor,
And urg'd his tott'ring Spouſe to haſte.

10

The day was up, the air ſerene,
The Firmament without a cloud;
The Bee humm'd o'er the level green
Where knots of trembling Cowſlips bow'd.

11

And RICHARD thus, with heart elate,
As paſt things ruſh'd acroſs his mind,
Over his ſhoulder talk'd to KATE,
Who ſnug tuckt up, walk'd ſlow behind.

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12

'When once a gigling Mawther you,
'And I a redfac'd chubby Boy,
'Sly tricks you play'd me not a few;
'For miſchief was your greateſt joy.'

13

'Once, paſſing by this very Tree,
'A Gotch * of Milk I'd been to fill,
'You ſhoulder'd me; then laugh'd to ſee
'Me and my Gotch ſpin down the Hill.'

14

''Tis true,' ſhe ſaid;' 'But here behold,
'And marvel at the courſe of Time;
'Though you and I are both grown old,
'This Tree is only in its prime!'

* A pitcher.

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15

'Well, Goody, don't stand preaching now;
'Folks don't preach Sermons at a FAIR:
'We've rear'd Ten *Boys* and *Girls* you know;
'And I'll be bound they'll all be there.'

16

Now friendly nods and smiles had they,
From many a kind *Fair-going* face:
And many a pinch KATE gave away,
While RICHARD kept his usual pace.

17

At length arriv'd amidst the throng,
Grand-children bawling hem'd them round;
And dragg'd them by the skirts along
Where gingerbread bestrew'd the ground.

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18

And soon the aged couple spy'd
Their lusty *Sons*, and *Daughters* dear:—
When RICHARD thus exulting cried,
'Did'nt I tell you they'd be here?'

19

The cordial greetings of the soul
Were visible in every face;
Affection, void of all controul,
Govern'd with a resistless grace.

20

'Twas good to see the honest strife,
Which should contribute most to please;
And hear the long-recounted life,
Of infant tricks, and happy days.

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21

But now, as at ſome nobler places,
Amongſt the Leaders 'twas decreed
Time to begin the DICKY RACES;
More fam'd for laughter than for ſpeed.

22

RICHARD look'd on with wond'rous glee,
And prais'd the Lad who chanc'd to win;
'KATE, wa'nt I ſuch a one as he?
'As like him, ay, as pin to pin?'

23

'Full *Fifty* years are paſs'd away
'Since I rode this ſame ground about:
'Lord! I was lively as the day!
'I won the High-lows out and out!'

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24

'I'm ſurely growing young again:
'I feel myſelf ſo kedge and plump.
'From head to foot I've not one pain;
'Nay, hang me if I cou'd 'nt jump.'

25

Thus ſpoke the ALE in RICHARD's pate,
A very little made him mellow;
But ſtill he lov'd his faithful KATE,
Who whiſper'd thus, 'My good old fellow,'

26

'Remember what you promis'd me:
'And ſee, the Sun is getting low;
'The Children want an hour ye ſee
'To talk a bit before we go.'

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27

Like youthful Lover most complying
He turn'd, and chuckt her by the chin;
Then all across the green grass hieing,
Right merry faces, all akin,

28

Their farewell quart, beneath a tree
That droop'd its branches from above;
Awak'd the pure felicity
That waits upon PARENTAL LOVE.

29

KATE view'd her blooming Daughters round,
And Sons, who shook her wither'd hand:
Her features spoke what joy she found;
But utterance had made a stand.

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30

The Children toppled on the green,
And bowl'd their *fairings* down the hill;
Richard with pride beheld the scene,
Nor could he for his life sit still.

31

A Father's uncheck'd feelings gave
A tenderness to all he said;
'My Boys, how proud am I to have
'My name thus round the Country spread!

32

'Through all my days I've labour'd hard,
'And could of paine and Crosses tell;
'But this is Labour's great reward,
'To meet ye thus, and see ye well.'

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Old Man's Joy continued.

33

'My good old Partner, when at home,
'Sometimes with wiſhes mingles tears;
'Goody, ſays I, let what wool come,
'We've nothing for them but our pray'rs.

34

'May you be all as old as I,
'And ſee your Sons to manhood grow;
'And, many a time before you die,
'Be juſt as pleas'd as I am now.'

35

Then, (raiſing ſtill his Mug and Voice,)
'An Old Man's weakneſs don't deſpiſe!
'I love you well, my Girls and Boys;
'God bleſs you all;' ... ſo ſaid his eyes——

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36

For, as he ſpoke, a big round drop
Fell bounding on his ample ſleeve;
A witneſs which he could not ſtop,
A witneſs which all hearts believe.

37

Thou, FILIAL PIETY, wert there;
And round the ring, benignly bright,
Dwelt in the luſcious half-ſhed tear,
And in the parting word—*Good Night.*

38

With thankful Hearts and ſtrengthen'd Love,
The poor old PAIR, ſupremely bleſt,
Saw the Sun ſink behind the grove,
And gain'd once more their lowly reſt.

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I do not wonder that one of the firſt men of the age for ſtrength and compaſs of mind, for taſte, variety of information, high and amiable qualities, a man generally admir'd, reſpected, and belov'd, even in times like theſe, has expreſs'd the moſt particular ſatisfaction in this ſimple, characteriſtic, and moſt engaging Tale. C. L.

April 1800.

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WALTER AND JANE:

OR,

THE POOR BLACKSMITH.

A COUNTRY TALE.

BRIGHT was the ſummer ſky, the Mornings gay,
And Jane was young and chearful as the Day.
Not yet to Love but Mirth ſhe paid her vows;
And Echo mock'd her as ſhe call'd her Cows.
Tufts of green Broom, that full in bloſſom vied,
And grac'd with ſpotted gold the upland ſide,
The level fogs o'erlook'd; too high to ſhare;
So lovely JANE o'erlook'd the clouds of Care;

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No meadow-flow'r roſe freſher to the view,
That met her morning footſteps in the dew;
Where, if a nodding ſtranger ey'd her charms,
The bluſh of innocence was up in arms,
Love's random glances ſtruck the unguarded mind,
And Beauty's magic made him look behind.

Duly as morning bluſh'd or twilight came,
Secure of greeting ſmiles and Village fame,
She paſs'd the Straw-roof'd Shed, in ranges where
Hung many a well-turn'd Shoe and glitt'ring *Share*;
Where WALTER, as the charmer tripp'd along,
Would ſtop his roaring Bellows and his Song.—

Dawn of affection; Love's delicious ſigh!
Caught from the lightnings of a ſpeaking eye,
That leads the heart to rapture or to woe,
'Twas WALTER's fate thy mad'ning power to know;
And ſcarce to know, ere in its infant twine,
As the Blaſt ſhakes the tendrils of the Vine,

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The budding bliſs that full of promiſe grew
The chilling blight of ſeparation knew.
Scarce had he told his heart's unquiet caſe,
And JANE to ſhun him ceas'd to mend her pace,
And learnt to liſten trembling as he ſpoke,
And fondly judge his words beyond a joke;
When, at the Goal that bounds our proſpects here,
Jane's widow'd Miſtreſs ended her career:
Bleſſings attended her divided ſtore,
The Manſion ſold, (Jane's peaceful home no more,)
A diſtant Village own'd her for its Queen,
Another ſervice, and another ſcene;
But could another ſcene ſo pleaſing prove,
Twelve weary miles from Walter and from Love?
The Maid grew thoughtful: Yet to Fate reſign'd,
Knew not the worth of what ſhe'd left behind.
He, when at Eve releas'd from toil and heat,
Soon miſs'd the ſmiles that taught his heart to beat,

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Each ſabbath-day of late was wont to prove
Hope's liberal feaſt, the holiday of Love:
But now, upon his ſpirit's ebbing ſtrength
Came each dull hour's intolerable length.
The next had ſcarcely dawn'd when Walter hied
O'er hill and dale, Affection for his guide:
O'er the brown Heath his pathleſs journey lay,
Where ſcreaming Lapwings hail'd the op'ning day.
High roſe the Sun, the anxious Lover ſigh'd;
His ſlipp'ry ſoles beſpoke the dew was dried:
Her laſt farewell hung fondly on his tongue
As o'er the tufted Furze elate he ſprung;
Trifling impediments; his heart was light,
For Love and Beauty glow'd in fancy's ſight;
And ſoon he gaz'd on Jane's enchanting face,
Renew'd his paſſion,—but, deſtroy'd his peace.
Truth, at whoſe ſhrine he bow'd, inflicted pain;
And Conſcience whiſper'd, "*never come again.*"

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For now, his tide of gladneſs to oppoſe,
A clay-cold damp of doubts and fears aroſe;
Clouds, which involve, midſt Love and Reaſon's ſtrife,
The poor man's proſpect when he takes a wife.
Though gay his journeys in the Summer's prime,
Each ſeem'd the repetition of a crime;
He never left her but with many a ſigh,
When tears ſtole down his face, ſhe knew not why.
Severe his taſk thoſe viſits to forego,
And feed his heart with voluntary woe,
Yet this he did; the wan Moon circling found
His evenings cheerleſs, and his reſt unſound;
And ſaw th' unquenched flame his boſom ſwell:
What were his doubts, thus let the Story tell.
A month's ſharp conflict only ſerv'd to prove
The pow'r, as well as truth, of Walter's love.
Abſence more ſtrongly on his mind portray'd
His own ſweet, injur'd, unoffending Maid.

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Once more he'd go; full reſolute awhile,
But heard his native Bells on every ſtile;
The ſound recall'd him with a pow'rful charm,
The Heath wide open'd, and the day was warm;
There, where a bed of tempting green he found,
Increaſing anguiſh weigh'd him to the ground;
His well-grown limbs the ſcatter'd Daiſies preſs'd,
While his clinch'd hand fell heavy on his breaſt.
'Why do I go in cruel ſport to ſay,
"I love thee Jane, appoint the happy day?"
'Why ſeek her ſweet ingenuous reply,
'Then graſp her hand and proffer—poverty?
'Why, if I love her and adore her name,
'Why act like time and ſickneſs on her frame?
'Why ſhould my ſcanty pittance nip her prime,
'And chace away the Roſe before its time?
'I'm young 'tis true; the world beholds me free;
'It ne'er ſhow'd a frightful face to me;

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v. 99. Love of Prudence.

'Nature's firſt wants hard labour *ſhould* ſupply;
'But ſhould it fail, 'twill be too late to fly.
'Some Summers hence, if nought our loves annoy,
'The image of my Jane may liſp her joy;
'Or, blooming boys with imitative ſwing
'May mock my arm, and make the Anvil ring;
'Then if in rags.—But, O my heart, forbear,—
'I love the Girl, and why ſhould I deſpair?
'And that I love her all the village knows;
'Oft from my pain the mirth of others flows;
'As when a neighbour's Steed with glancing eye
'Saw his par'd hoof ſupported on my thigh:
'Jane paſs'd that inſtant; miſchief came of courſe;
'I drove the nail awry and lam'd the Horſe;
'The poor beaſt limp'd: I bore a Maſter's frown,
'A thouſand times I wiſh'd the wound my own.
'When to theſe tangling thoughts I've been reſign'd,
'Fury or languor has poſſeſs'd my mind,

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'All eyes have ſtared, I've blown a blaſt ſo ſtrong;
'Forgot to ſmile at all, or ſmote too long.
'If at the Ale-houſe door, with careleſs glee
'One drinks to Jane, and darts a look on me;
'I feel that bluſh which her dear name will bring,
'I feel:—but, guilty Love, 'tis not thy ſting!
'Yet what are jeers? the bubbles of an hour;
'Jane knows what Love can do, and feels its pow'r;
'In her mild eye fair Truth her meaning tells;
'Tis not in looks like her's that falſehood dwells.
'As water ſhed upon a duſty way
'I've ſeen midſt downward pebbles devious ſtray;
'If kindred drops an adverſe channel keep,
'The cryſtal friends toward each other creep;
'Near, and ſtill nearer, rolls each little tide,
'Th' expanding mirror ſwells on either ſide:
'They touch—'tis done—receding bound'ries fly,
'An inſtantaneous union ſtrikes the eye.

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'So 'tis with us: for Jane would be my bride;
'Shall coward fears then turn the bliss aside?'
While thus he spoke he heard a gentle sound,
That seem'd a jarring footstep on the ground:
Asham'd of grief, he bade his eyes unclose,
And shook with agitation as he rose;
All unprepared the sweet surprise to bear,
His heart beat high, for Jane herself was there.—
Flush was her cheek; she seem'd the full-blown flower,
For warmth gave loveliness a double power;
Round her fair brow the deep confusion ran,
A waving handkerchief became her fan,
Her lips, where dwelt sweet love and smiling ease,
Puff'd gently back the warm assailing breeze.
'I've travell'd all these weary miles with pain,
'To see my native village once again;

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Reſentment and Tenderneſs. v. 153.

'And ſhow my true regard for neighbour *Hind*;
'Not like you, Walter, *ſhe* was always kind.'
'Twas thus, each ſoft ſenſation laid aſide,
She buoy'd her ſpirits up with maiden pride;
Diſclaim'd her love, e'en while ſhe felt the ſting;
'What, come for Walter's ſake!' 'Twas no ſuch thing.
But when aſtoniſhment his tongue releas'd,
Pride's uſurpation in an inſtant ceas'd:
By force he caught her hand as paſſing by,
And gaz'd upon her half averted eye;
His heart's diſtraction, and his boding fears
She heard, and anſwer'd with a flood of tears;
Precious relief; ſure friends that forward preſs
To tell the mind's unſpeakable diſtreſs.
Ye Youths, whom crimſon'd health and genuine fire
Bear joyous on the wings of young deſire,
Ye, who ſtill bow to Love's almighty ſway,
What could true paſſion, what could Walter ſay?

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Age, tell me true, nor ſhake your locks in vain,
Tread back your paths, and be in love again;
In your young days did ſuch a favouring hour
Show you the littleneſs of wealth and pow'r,
Adventrous climbers of the Mountain's brow,
While Love, their maſter, ſpreads his couch below.
"My deareſt Jane," the untaught Walter cried,
As half repell'd he pleaded by her ſide;
"My deareſt Jane, think of me as you may"——
Thus—ſtill unutter'd what he ſtrove to ſay,
They breath'd in ſighs the anguiſh of their minds,
And took the path that led to neighbour *Hind's*.
A ſecret joy the well-known roof inſpir'd,
Small was its ſtore, and little they deſir'd;
Jane dried her tears; while Walter forward flew
To aid the Dame; who to the brink updrew
The pond'rous Bucket as they reach'd the well,
And ſcarcely with exhauſted breath could tell

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How welcome to her Cot the blooming Pair,
O'er whom ſhe watch'd with a maternal care.
"What ails thee, Jane?" the wary Matron cried;
With heaving breaſt the modeſt Maid reply'd,
Now gently moving back her wooden Chair
To ſhun the current of the cooling air;
"Not much, good Dame; I'm weary by the way;
"Perhaps, anon, I've ſomething elſe to ſay."
Now, while the Seed-cake crumbled on her knee,
And Snowy Jaſmine peeped in to ſee;
And the tranſparent Lilac at the door,
Full to the Sun its purple honors bore,
The clam'rous Hen her fearleſs brood diſplay'd,
And march'd around; while thus the Matron ſaid:
'Jane has been weeping, Walter;—prithee why?
'I've ſeen her laugh, and dance, but never cry.
'But I can gueſs; with *her* you ſhould have been,
'When late I ſaw you loit'ring on the green;

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v. 207. Pleadings of Experience for Love with extreme Prudence.

'I'm an old Woman, and the truth may tell:
'I say then, Boy, you have not us'd her well.'
JANE felt for WALTER; felt his cruel pain,
While Pity's voice brought forth her tears again.
'Don't scold him Neighbour, he has much to say,
'Indeed he came and met me by the way.'
The Dame resum'd—'Why then, my Children, why,
Do such young bosoms heave the piteous sigh?'
'The ills of Life to you are yet unknown;
'Death's ser'ring shaft, and Poverty's cold frown:
'I've felt them both, by turns:—but as they pass'd,
'Strong was my truft, and here I am at last.
'When I dwelt young and cheerful down the *Lane*
'(And, though I say it, I was much like JANE,)
'O'er flow'ry fields with *Hind*, I lov'd to stray,
'And talk, and laugh, and fool the time away:
'And Care defied; who not one pain could give,
'Till the thought came of how we were to live;

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'And then Love plied his arrows thicker ſtill:
'And prov'd victorious;—as he always will.
'We brav'd Life's ſtorm together; while that Drone,
'Your poor old Uncle, WALTER, liv'd alone.
'He died the other day: when round his bed
'No tender ſoothing tear Affection ſhed—
'Affection! 'twas a plant he never knew;—
'Why ſhould he feaſt on fruits he never grew?'
WALTER caught fire: nor was *he* charm'd alone
With conſcious Truth's firm elevated tone;
JANE from her ſeat ſprang forward, half afraid,
Atteſting with a bluſh what Goody ſaid.
Her Lover took a more decided part:—
(O! 'twas the very Chord that touch'd his heart,)—
Alive to the beſt feelings man can prize,
A Bridegroom's tranſport ſparkled in his eyes;
Love, conquering power, with unreſtricted range
Silenc'd the arguments of Time and Change;

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And led his vot'ry on, and bade him view,
And prize the light-wing'd moments as they flew:
All doubts gave way, all retroſpective lore,
Whence cooler Reaſon tortur'd him before;
Compariſon of times, the Lab'rer's hire,
And many a truth Reflection might inſpire,
Sunk powerleſs. "Dame, I am a fool," he cried;
"Alone I might have reaſon'd till I died.
"I caus'd thoſe tears of Jane's:—but as they fell
"How much I felt none but ourſelves can tell.
"While daſtard fears withheld me from her ſight,
"Sighs reign'd by day and hideous dreams by night;
"'Twas then the Soldier's plume and rolling Drum
"Seem'd for a while to ſtrike my ſorrows dumb;
"To fly from Care then half reſolv'd I ſtood,
"And without horror mus'd on fields of blood,
"But Hope prevail'd.—Be then the ſword reſign'd;
"And I'll make *Shares* for thoſe that ſtay behind,

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"And you, sweet Girl,"——
He would have added more,
Had not a glancing shadow at the door
Announc'd a guest, who bore with winning grace
His well-tim'd errand pictur'd in his face.
Around with silent reverence they stood;
A blameless reverence—the man was good.
Wealth he had some, a match for his desires,
First on the list of active Country 'Squires.
Seeing the youthful pair with downcast eyes,
Unmov'd by Summer-flowers and cloudless skies,
Pass slowly by his Gate; his book resign'd,
He watch'd their steps and follow'd far behind,
Bearing with inward joy, and honest pride,
A trust of WALTER's kinsman ere he died,
A hard-earn'd mite, deposited with care,
And with a miser's spirit worshipt there.

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He found what oft the generous boſom ſeeks,
In the Dame's court'ſeys and JANE's bluſhing cheeks,
That conſciouſneſs of Worth, that freeborn Grace,
Which waits on Virtue in the meaneſt place.

'Young Man, I'll not apologize to you,
'Nor name intruſion, for my news is true;
'Tis duty brings me here: your wants I've heard,
'And can relieve: yet be the dead rever'd.
'Here, in this Purſe, (what ſhould have cheer'd a Wife,)
'Lies, half the ſavings of your Uncle's life!
'I know your hiſtory, and your wiſhes know;
'And love to ſee the ſeeds of Virtue grow.
'I've a ſpare Shed that fronts the public road:
'Make that your Shop; I'll make it your abode.
'Thus much from me,—the reſt is but your due;
'That inſtant twenty pieces ſprung to view.'

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Goody, her dim eyes wiping, rais'd her brow,
And ſaw the young pair look they knew not how;
Perils and Power while humble minds forego,
Who gives them half a Kingdom gives them woe;
Comforts may be procur'd and want defied,
Heav'ns! with how ſmall a Sum, when right applied!
Give Love and honeſt Induſtry their way,
Clear but the Sun-riſe of Life's little day,
Thoſe we term poor ſhall oft that wealth obtain,
For which th' ambitious ſigh, but ſigh in vain:
Wealth that ſtill brightens, as its ſtores increaſe;
The calm of Conſcience, and the reign of Peace.
Walter's enamour'd Soul, from news like this,
Now felt the dawnings of his future bliſs;
E'en as the Red-breaſt ſhelt'ring in a bower,
Mourns the ſhort darkneſs of a paſſing Shower,]

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Then, while the azure ſky extends around,
Darts on a worm that breaks the moiſten'd ground,
And mounts the dripping fence, with joy elate,
And ſhares the prize triumphant with his mate;
So did the Youth;—the treaſure ſtraight became
An humble ſervant to Love's ſacred flame;
Glorious ſubjection!—Thus his ſilence broke:
Joy gave him words; ſtill quick'ning as he ſpoke.

'Want was my dread, my wiſhes were but few;
'Others might doubt, but JANE thoſe wiſhes knew:
'This Gold may rid my heart of pains and ſighs;
'But her true love is ſtill my greateſt prize.
'Long as I live, when this bright day comes round,
'Beneath my Roof your noble deeds ſhall ſound;
'But, firſt, to make my gratitude appear,
'I'll ſhoe your Honour's Horſes for a Year;
'If clouds ſhould threaten when your Corn is down,
'I'll lend a hand, and ſummon half the town;

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'If good betide, I'll ſound it in my ſongs,
'And be the firſt avenger of your wrongs:
'Though rude in manners, free I hope to live:
'This Ale 's not mine, no Ale have I to give;
'Yet, Sir, though Fortune frown'd when I was born,
'Let's drink eternal friendſhip from this Horn.
'How much our preſent joy to you we owe,
'Soon our three Bells ſhall let the Neighbours know;
'The ſound ſhall raiſe e'en ſtooping Age awhile,
'And every Maid ſhall meet you with a ſmile;
'Long may you *live*'—the wiſh like lightning flew;
By each repeated as the 'Squire withdrew.
'Long may *you* live,' his feeling heart rejoin'd;
Leaving well-pleas'd ſuch happy Souls behind.
Hope promis'd fair to cheer them to the end;
With Love their guide, and Goody for their friend.

I think this tale, and eſpecially the beginning and middle of it, has much of the clear, animated, eaſy narrative, the familiar but graceful diction, and the change of numbers ſo intereſting in DRYDEN. In the following poem theſe excellencies are all greater. C L.

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THE MILLER'S MAID.

A TALE.

NEAR the High road upon a winding ſtream
An honeſt Miller roſe to Wealth and Fame:
The nobleſt Virtues cheer'd his lengthen'd days,
And all the Country echo'd with his praiſe:
His Wife, the Doctreſs of the neighb'ring Poor *,
Drew conſtant pray'rs and bleſſings round his door.

One Summer's night, (the hour of reſt was come)
Darkneſs unuſual overſpread their home;
A chilling blaſt was felt: the foremoſt cloud
Sprinkl'd the bubbling Pool; and thunder loud,

* This village and the poor of this neighbourhood know what it is to have poſſeſt ſuch a bleſſing, and feel at this moment what it is to loſe it by death. C. L.

Troſley, 13th of September 1801.

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Though diſtant yet, menac'd the country round,
And fill'd the Heavens with its ſolemn ſound.
Who can retire to reſt when tempeſts lour?
Nor wait the iſſue of the coming hour?
Meekly reſign'd ſhe ſat, in anxious pain;
He fill'd his pipe, and liſten'd to the rain
That batter'd furiouſly their ſtrong abode,
Roar'd in the Damm, and laſh'd the pebbled road:
When, mingling with the ſtorm, confus'd and wild,
They heard, or thought they heard, a ſcreaming *Child:*
The voice approach'd; and 'midſt the thunder's roar,
Now loudly begg'd for Mercy at the door.
MERCY was *there:* the Miller heard the call;
His door he open'd; when a ſudden ſquall
Drove in a wretched Girl; who weeping ſtood,
Whilſt the cold rain dripp'd from her in a flood.

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With kind officiouſneſs the tender Dame
Rous'd up the dying embers to a flame;
Dry cloaths procur'd, and cheer'd her ſhiv'ring gueſt,
And ſooth'd the ſorrows of her infant breaſt.
But as ſhe ſtript her ſhoulders, lily-white,
What marks of cruel uſage ſhock'd their ſight!
Weals, and blue wounds, moſt piteous to behold
Upon a Child yet ſcarcely Ten years old.
The *Miller* felt his indignation riſe,
Yet, as the weary ſtranger clos'd her eyes,
And ſeem'd fatigu'd beyond her ſtrength and years,
"Sleep, Child, (he ſaid), and wipe away your tears."
They watch'd her ſlumbers till the ſtorm was done;
When thus the generous Man again begun.
'See, flutt'ring ſighs that riſe againſt her will,
'And agitating dreams diſturb her ſtill!
'Dame, we ſhould know before we go to reſt,
'Whence comes this Girl, and how ſhe came diſtreſt.

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'Wake her, and aſk; for ſhe is ſorely bruis'd:
'I long to know by whom ſhe's thus miſus'd.
'Child, what's your name? how came you in the ſtorm?
'Have you no home to keep you dry and warm?
'Who gave you all thoſe wounds your ſhoulders ſhow?
'Where are your Parents? Whither would you go?'
The Stranger burſting into tears, look'd pale,
And this the purport of her artleſs tale.
'I have no Parents; and no friends beſide:
'I well remember when my Mother died:
'My Brother cried; and ſo did I that day:
'We had no Father;—he was gone away;
'That night we left our home new cloaths to wear:
'The *Work-houſe* found them; we were carried there.
'We lov'd each other dearly; when we met
'We always ſhar'd what trifles we could get.

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v. 5c. Ruſtic Hoſpitality and Protection of the friendleſs.

'But *George* was older by a year than me:—
'He parted from me and was ſent to Sea.
"Good-bye, dear Phœbe," the poor fellow ſaid!
'Perhaps he'll come again; perhaps he's dead.
'When I grew ſtrong enough I went to place,
'My Miſtreſs had a ſour ill-natur'd face;
'And though I've been ſo often beat and chid,
'I ſtrove to pleaſe her, Sir; indeed, I did.
'Weary and ſpiritleſs to bed I crept,
'And always cried at night before I ſlept.
'This Morning I offended; and I bore
'A cruel beating, worſe than all before.
'Unknown to all the Houſe I ran away;
'And thus far travell'd through the ſultry day;
'And, O don't ſend me back! I dare not go—.'
'I ſend you back!' (the Miller cried) 'no, no.'
Th' appeals of Wretchedneſs had weight with him,
And Sympathy would warm him every limb;

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He mutter'd, glorying in the work begun,
'Well done, my little Wench; 'twas nobly done!'
Then ſaid, with looks more cheering than the fire,
And feelings ſuch as Pity can inſpire,
'My houſe has childleſs been this many a year;
'While you deſerve it you ſhall tarry here.'
The Orphan mark'd the ardor of his eye,
Bleſt his kind words, and thank'd him with a ſigh.

Thus was the ſacred compact doubly ſeal'd;
Thus were her ſpirits rais'd, her bruiſes heal'd:
Thankful, and cheerful too, no more afraid,
Thus little PHOEBE was the Miller's Maid.
Grateful they found her; patient of controul:
A moſt bewitching gentleneſs of ſoul
Made pleaſure of what work ſhe had to do:
She grew in ſtature, and in beauty too.

Five years ſhe paſs'd in this delightful home;
Five happy years: but, when the ſixth was come,

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The *Miller* from a Market Town hard by,
Brought home a ſturdy Youth his ſtrength to try,
To raiſe the ſluice-gates early every morn,
To heave his powder'd ſacks and grind his corn:
'And meeting *Phœbe*, whom he lov'd ſo dear,
'I've brought you home a Huſband, Girl;—D'ye
'hear?
'He begg'd for work; his money ſeem'd b[illegible]ant:
'Thoſe that will work 'tis pity they ſhou[illegible]want.*
'So uſe him well, and we ſhall ſhortly ſee
'Whether he merits what I've done, like thee.'
Now throbb'd her heart,—a new ſenſation
quite,—
Whene'er the comely Stranger was in ſight:
For he at once aſſiduouſly ſtrove
To pleaſe ſo ſweet a Maid, and win her love.
At every corner ſtopp'd her in her way;
And ſaw freſh beauties opening ev'ry day.

* A Maxim which all ought to remember. C. L.

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First Impreſſion. V. 101.

He took delight in tracing in her face
The mantling bluſh, and every nameleſs grace,
That Senſibility would bring to view,
When Love he mention'd;—Love, and Honour true.
But *Phœbe* ſtill was ſhy; and wiſh'd to know
More of the honeſt Youth, whoſe manly brow
She verily believ'd was Truth's own throne,
And his words as artleſs as her own:
Moſt [illegible] ſhe judg'd; yet, long the Youth forbore
Divulging where, and how, he liv'd before;
And ſeem'd to ſtrive his Hiſtory to hide,
Till fair Eſteem enliſted on his ſide.
The *Miller* ſaw, and mention'd, in his praiſe,
The prompt fidelity of all his ways:
Till in a vacant hour, the Dinner done,
One day he joking cried, 'Come here, my Son!
'Tis pity that ſo good a Lad as you
'Beneath my roof ſhould bring diſorders new!

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v. 119. Enquiry. Ingenuous Explanation.

'But here's my *Phœbe*,—once ſo light and airy
'She'd trip along the paſſage like a Fairy,—
'Has loſt her ſwiftneſs quite, ſince here you came:—
'And yet; ....I can't perceive the Girl is lame!
'The obſtacles ſhe meets with ſtill fall thicker:
'Old as I am I'd turn a corner quicker.'——
The *Youth* bluſh'd deep; and *Phœbe* hung her head:
The *good Man* ſmil'd, and thus again he [redacted]
'Not that I deem it matter of ſurpriſe,
'That you ſhould love to gaze at *Phœbe's* eyes;
'But be explicit, Boy; and deal with honour:
'I feel my happineſs depend upon her.
'When here you came you'd ſorrow on your brow;
'And I've forborne to queſtion you till now.
'Firſt, then, ſay what thou art.' He inſtant bow'd,
And thus, in *Phœbe's* hearing, ſpoke aloud:

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'Thus far experienc'd, Sir, in you I find
'All that is generous, fatherly, and kind;
'And while you look for proofs of real worth,
'You'll not regard the meanneſs of my birth.
'When, pennyleſs and ſad, you met with me,
'I'd juſt eſcap'd the dangers of the Sea;
'Reſolv'd to try my fortune on the ſhore:
'To [illegible] my bread; and truſt the waves no more.
'H[illegible] no Home, nor Parents, left behind,
'I'd all my fortune, all my Friends, to find.
'Keen diſappointment wounded me that morn:
'For, trav'lling near the ſpot where I was born,
'I at the well-known door where I was bred,
'Inquir'd who ſtill was living, who was dead:
'But firſt, and moſt, I ſought with anxious fear
'Tidings to gain of her who once was dear;
'A Girl, with all the meekneſs of the dove,
'The conſtant ſharer of my childhood's love;

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'She call'd me, *Brother*:—which I heard with pride,
'Though now ſuſpect we are not ſo allied.
'Thus much I learnt; (no more the churls would ſay;)
'She went to ſervice, and ſhe ran away,
'And ſcandal added'——'Hold!' the *Miller* cried,
And, in an inſtant, ſtood at *Phœbe's* ſide;
For he obſerved, while liſt'ning to the tale,
Her ſpirits faulter'd, and her cheeks turn'd pale;
Whilſt her claſp'd hands deſcended to her knee
She ſinking whiſper'd forth, "O *God*, 'tis *he!*"
The good Man, though he gueſs'd the pleaſing truth,
Was far too buſy to inform the Youth;
But ſtirr'd himſelf amain to aid his Wife,
Who ſoon reſtor'd the trembler back to life.
Awhile inſenſible ſhe ſtill appear'd;
But, "*O my Brother*," was diſtinctly heard:

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The aſtoniſht Youth now held her to his breaſt;
And tears and kiſſes ſoon explain'd the reſt.
Paſt deeds now from each tongue alternate fell:
For news of deareſt import both could tell.
Fondly, from childhood's tears to youth's full prime,
They match'd the incidents of jogging time;
And prov'd, that when with Tyranny oppreſt,
Poor *Phœbe* groan'd with wounds and broken reſt,
George felt no leſs: was haraſs'd and forlorn;
A rope's-end follow'd him both night and morn.
And in that very ſtorm when *Phœbe* fled,
When the rain drench'd her yet unſhelter'd head;
That very Storm he on the Ocean brav'd,
The Veſſel founder'd, and the Boy was ſav'd!
Myſterious Heaven!—and O with what delight—
She told the happy iſſue of her flight:
To his charm'd heart a living picture drew;
And gave to hoſpitality it's due!

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The liſt'ning Hoſt obſerv'd the gentle Pair;
And ponder'd on the means that brought them there:
Convinc'd, while unimpeach'd their Virtue ſtood,
'Twas *Heav'n's* high Will that he ſhould do them good.

But now the anxious Dame, impatient grown,
Demanded what the Youth had heard, or known,
Whereon to ground thoſe doubts but juſt expreſt;—
Doubts, which muſt intereſt the feeling breaſt;
'Her Brother wert thou, George?—how; prithee ſay:
'Canſt thou forego, or caſt that name away?'
"No living proofs have I," the Youth reply'd,
"That we by cloſeſt ties are not allied;
"But in my memory live, and ever will,
"A mother's dying words.....I hear them ſtill:
"She ſaid, to one who watch'd her parting breath,
"Don't ſeparate the Children at my death,"

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" They're not both mine: But——" here the ſcene
was clos'd,
" She died; and left us helpleſs and expos'd;
" Nor Time hath thrown, nor Reaſon's opening
" power,
" One friendly ray on that benighted hour."
Ne'er did the Chieftains of a Warring State
Hear from the *Oracle* their half-told fate
With more religious fear, or more ſuſpence,
Than *Phœbe* now endur'd:—for every ſenſe
Became abſorb'd in this unwelcome theme;
Nay every meditation, every dream,
Th' inexplicable ſentence held to view,
" They're not both mine," was every morning new:
For, till this hour, the Maid had never prov'd
How far ſhe was enthrall'd, how much ſhe lov'd:
In that fond character he firſt appear'd;
His kindneſs charm'd her, and his ſmiles endear'd:

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v. 227. Anxiety. The Enquiry ſuggeſted.

This dubious myſtery the paſſion croſt;
Her peace was wounded, and her Lover loſt.
For *George*, with all his reſolution ſtrove
To check the progreſs of his growing love;
Or, if he e'er indulg'd a tender kiſs,
Th' unravell'd ſecret robb'd him of his bliſs.
Health's foe, Suſpence, ſo irkſome to be borne,
An ever-piercing and retreating thorn,
Hung on their Hearts, when Nature bade them riſe,
And ſtole Content's bright enſign from their eyes.

The good folks ſaw the change, and griev'd to find
Theſe troubles labouring in *Phœbe's* mind;
They lov'd them both; and with one voice propos'd
The only means whence *Truth* might be diſclos'd;
That, when the Summer Months ſhould ſhrink the rill,
And ſcarce its languid ſtream would turn the Mill,

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When the Spring broods, and Pigs, and Lambs
were rear'd,
(A time when *George* and *Phœbe* might be ſpar'd,)
Their birth-place they ſhould viſit once again,
To try with joint endeavours to obtain
From Record, or Tradition, what might be
To chain, or ſet their chain'd affections free:
Affinity beyond all doubts to prove;
Or clear the road for Nature and for Love.

Never, till now, did PHŒBE count the hours,
Or think *May* long, or wiſh away its flowers;
With mutual ſighs both fann'd the wings of Time;
As we climb'd Hills and gladden as we climb,
And reach at laſt the diſtant promis'd ſeat,
Caſting the glowing landſcape at our feet.
Oft had the Morning Roſe with dew been wet,
And oft the journeying Sun in glory ſet,

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Beyond the willow'd meads of vigorous graſs,
The ſteep green hill, and woods they were to paſs;
When now the day arriv'd: Impatience reign'd;
And GEORGE,—by trifling obſtacles detain'd,—
His bending Blackthorn on the threſhold preſt,
Survey'd the windward clouds, and hop'd the beſt.
PHŒBE, attir'd with every modeſt grace,
While Health and Beauty revell'd in her face,
Came forth; but ſoon evinc'd an abſent mind,
For, back ſhe turn'd for ſomething left behind;
Again the ſame, till George grew tir'd of home,
And peeviſhly exclaim'd, "*Come, Phœbe, come.*"
Another hindrance yet he had to feel:
As from the door they tripp'd with nimble heel,
A poor old Man, foot-founder'd and alone,
Thus urgent ſpoke, in Trouble's genuine tone:
"My pretty Maid, if happineſs you ſeek,
"May diſappointment never fade your cheek!—

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" Your's be the joy;—yet, feel another's woe:
" O leave ſome little gift before you go."
His words ſtruck home; and back ſhe turn'd again,
(The ready friend of indigence and pain,)
To baniſh hunger from his ſhatter'd frame;
And cloſe behind her, Lo, the *Miller* came,
With Jug in hand, and cried, " GEORGE, why " ſuch haſte?
" Here; take a draught; and let that *Soldier* taſte."
" Thanks for your bounty, Sir;" the *Veteran* ſaid;
Threw down his Wallet, and made bare his head;
And ſtraight began, though mix'd with doubts and fears,
Th' unprefac'd Hiſtory of his latter years.
" I croſs'd th' *Atlantic* with our Regiment brave,
" Where Sickneſs ſweeps whole Regiments to the grave;

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" Yet I've eſcap'd; and bear my arms no more;
" My age diſcharg'd me when I came on ſhore.
" My *Wife*, I've heard,"—and here he wip'd his eyes,—
" In the cold corner of the Church-yard lies.
" By her conſent it was I left my home:
" Employment fail'd, and poverty was come;
" The Bounty tempted me;—ſhe had it all:
" We parted; and I've ſeen my betters fall.
" Yet, as I'm ſpar'd, though in this piteous caſe,
" I'm trav'lling homeward to my native place;
" Though ſhould I reach that dear remember'd ſpot,
" Perhaps OLD GRAINGER will be quite forgot."

All eyes beheld young *George* with wonder ſtart:
Strong were the ſecret bodings of his heart;
Yet not indulg'd: for he with doubts ſurvey'd
By turns the Stranger, and the lovely Maid.

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" Had you no Children?"—" Yes, young Man;
I'd two:
" A *Boy*, if ſtill he lives, as old as you:
" Yet not my own; but likely ſo to prove;
" Though but the pledge of an unlawful Love:
" I cheriſh'd him, to hide a *Siſter*'s ſhame:
" He ſhar'd my beſt affections, and my name.
" But why, young folks, ſhould I detain you here?
" Go: and may bleſſings wait upon your cheer,
" I too will travel on;.... perhaps to find
" The only treaſure that I left behind.
" Such kindly thoughts my fainting hopes revive!—
" *Phœbe*, my Cherub, ART *thou* ſtill alive?"

Could Nature hold!—Could youthful Love forbear!
George claſp'd the wond'ring *Maid*, and whiſper'd,
'*There!*

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v. 335. The happy Relations now found.

'*You're mine for ever!*—O, ſuſtain the reſt;
'And huſh the tumult of your throbbing breaſt.'
Then to the *Soldier* turn'd, with manly pride,
And fondly led his long-intended *Bride*:
'Here, ſee your *Child*; nor wiſh a ſweeter flow'r.
'Tis *George* that ſpeaks; thou'lt bleſs the happy hour!—
'Nay, be compos'd; for all will yet be well,
'Though here our hiſtory's too long to tell.'——
A long-loſt Father found, the myſtery clear'd,
What mingled tranſports in *her* face appear'd!
The gazing *Veteran* ſtood with hands uprais'd—
'Art thou *indeed* my Child! then, God be prais'd.'
O'er his rough cheeks the tears profuſely ſpread;
Such as fools ſay become not Men to ſhed;
Paſt hours of bliſs, regenerated charms,
Roſe, when he felt his Daughter in his arms:

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So tender was the ſcene, the generous DAME
Wept, as ſhe told of *Phœbe's* virtuous fame,
And the good HOST, with geſtures paſſing ſtrange,
Abſtracted ſeem'd through fields of joy to range:
Rejoicing that his favour'd Roof ſhould prove
VIRTUE'S aſylum, and the nurſe of LOVE;
Rejoicing that to him the taſk was given,
While his full Soul was mounting up to Heav'n.
But now, as from a dream his Reaſon ſprung,
And heartieſt greetings dwelt upon his tongue:
The ſounding Kitchen floor at once receiv'd
The happy group, with all their fears reliev'd:
"Soldier," he cried, "you've found your Girl;
"'tis true:
"But ſuffer *me* to be a Father too;
"For, never Child that bleſt a Parent's knee,
"Could ſhow more duty than ſhe has to me,

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" Strangely ſhe came; Affliction chas'd her hard:
" I pitied her;—and this is my reward!
" Here ſit you down; recount your perils o'er:
" Henceforth be this your home; and grieve no more:
" Plenty hath ſhower'd her dewdrops on my head;
" Care viſits not my Table, nor my Bed.
" My heart's warm wiſhes thus then I fulfill:—
" My Dame and I can live without the Mill:
" *George*, take the whole; I'll near you ſtill remain,
" To guide your judgment in the choice of Grain:
" In Virtue's path commence your proſperous life;
" And from my hand receive your worthy Wife.
" Riſe, *Phœbe*; riſe, my Girl!—kneel not to me;
" But to THAT POW'R who interpos'd for thee.
" Integrity hath mark'd your favourite Youth;
" Fair budding Honour, Conſtancy, and Truth:

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v. 389. Perfect Content: hopes and prospects of Goodness.

" Go to his arms;—and may unsullied joys
" Bring smiling round me, rosy Girls and Boys!
" I'll love them for thy sake. And may your days
" Glide on, as glides the Stream that never stays;
" Bright as whose shingled bed, till life's decline,
" May all your Worth, and all your Virtues shine!"

I believe there has been no such Poem in its kind as the MILLER'S MAID, since the days of DRYDEN, for ease and beauty of language; concise, clear and interesting narrative; sweet and full flow of verse; happy choice of the subject, and delightful execution of it. C. L.

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THE WIDOW

TO

HER HOUR-GLASS.

I

Come, friend, I'll turn thee up again:
Companion of the lonely hour!
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloath'd with leaves my humble bower,
Since thou haſt ſtood
In frame of wood,

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On Cheſt or Window by my ſide:
At every Birth ſtill thou wert near,
Still ſpoke thine admonitions clear.—
And, when my Huſband died,

2

I've often watch'd thy ſtreaming ſand
And ſeen the growing Mountain riſe,
And often found Life's hopes to ſtand
On props as weak in Wiſdom's eyes:
Its conic crown
Still ſliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again;
The ſand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years ſtill filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain.

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3.

While thus I ſpin and ſometimes ſing,
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou meaſur'ſt Time's expanding wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:
Though ſilent thou,
Still ſhalt thou flow,
And jog along thy deſtin'd way:
But when I glean the ſultry fields,
When Earth her yellow Harveſt yields,
Thou get'ſt a Holiday.

4

Steady as Truth, on either end
Thy daily taſk performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's conſtant friend,
And ſtrik'ſt the Heart without a Bell:

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Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here, ſweet Woodbine flow'r;—
" Companion of the lonely hour,
" I'll turn thee up again."

There is ſomething very pleaſing in the lyric ſtanza here uſed. It is a very harmonious and characteriſtic form of verſification: which, after having ſlept, if I miſtake not, above a Century, is here happily reviv'd. The turn of thought is natural, affecting, and poetic. C. L.

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MARKET-NIGHT.

1

'O WINDS, howl not ſo long and loud;
'Nor with your vengeance arm the ſnow:
'Bear hence each heavy-loaded cloud;
'And let the twinkling Star-beams glow.

2

'Now ſweeping floods ruſh down the ſlope,
'Wide ſcattering ruin.—Stars, ſhine ſoon!
'No other light my Love can hope;
'Midnight will want the joyous *Moon*.

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3

'O guardian Spirits!—Ye that dwell
'Where woods, and pits, and hollow ways,
'The lone night-trav'ller's fancy ſwell
'With fearful tales, of older days,—

4

'Preſs round him:—guide his willing ſteed
'Through darkneſs, dangers, currents, ſnows;
'Wait where, from ſhelt'ring thickets freed,
'The dreary Heath's rude whirlwind blows.

5

'From darkneſs ruſhing o'er his way,
'The Thorn's white load it bears on high!
'Where the ſhort furze all ſhrouded lay,
'Mounts the dried graſs;—Earth's boſom dry.

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6

'Then o'er the Hill with furious ſweep
'It rends the elevated tree——
'Sure-footed beaſt thy road thou'lt keep:
'Nor ſtorm nor darkneſs ſtartles thee!'

7

'O bleſt aſſurance, (truſty ſteed,)
'To thee the buried road is known;
'*Home*, all the ſpur thy footſteps need,
'When looſe the frozen rein is thrown.'

8

'Between the roaring blaſts that ſhake
'The naked Elder at the door,
'Though not one prattler to me ſpeak,
'Their ſleeping ſighs delight me more.'

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9

'Sound is their reſt:—they little know
'What pain, what cold, their Father feels;
'But dream, perhaps, they ſee him now,
'While each the promis'd Orange peels.'

10

'Would it were ſo!—the fire burns bright,
'And on the warming trencher gleams;
'In Expectation's raptur'd ſight
'How precious his arrival ſeems!'

11

'I'll look abroad!—'tis piercing cold!—
'How the bleak wind aſſails his breaſt!
'Yet ſome faint light mine eyes behold:
'The ſtorm is verging o'er the Weſt.'

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12

'There shines a *Star*!—O welcome sight!—
'Through the thin vapours brightning still!
'Yet, 'twas beneath the fairest night
'The murd'rer stain'd yon lonely hill.'

13

'Mercy, kind Heav'n! such thoughts dispel!
'No voice, no footstep can I hear!'
(Where Night and Silence brooding dwell,
Spreads thy cold reign, heart-chilling Fear.)

14

'Distressing hour! uncertain fate!
'O Mercy, Mercy, guide him home!—
'Hark!—then I heard the distant gate,—
'Repeat it, Echo; quickly, come!'

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15

'One minute now will eaſe my fears ....
'Or, ſtill more wretched muſt I be?
'No: ſurely Heaven has ſpar'd our tears:
'I ſee him, cloath'd in ſnow; ... 'tis he.———'

16

'Where have you ſtay'd? put down your load.
'How have you borne the ſtorm, the cold?
'What horrors did I not forbode———
'That Beaſt is worth his weight in gold.'

17

Thus ſpoke the joyful Wife;—then ran
And hid in grateful ſteams her head:
Dapple was hous'd, the hungry Man
With joy glanc'd o'er the Children's bed.

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18

'What, all aſleep!'—ſo beſt; he cried:
'O what a night I've travell'd through!
'Unſeen, unheard, I might have died;
'But Heaven has brought me ſafe to you.

19

'Dear Partner of my nights and days,
'That ſmile becomes thee!—Let us then
'Learn, though miſhap may croſs our ways,
'It is not ours to reckon when.'

I judge not for other readers; and it is needleſs; but to me Market-Night is exquiſitely and almoſt ſingularly pleaſing, by the natural force and tenderneſs of the ſweetneſs of the numbers, the eaſy yet animated and characteriſtic beauty of the ſtyle and manner. C. L.

Sept. 1801.

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THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

A BALLAD.

1

THE Lawns were dry in Euſton Park;
(Here Truth * inſpires my Tale)
The lonely footpath, ſtill and dark,
Led over Hill and Dale.

* This Ballad is founded on a fact. The circumſtance occurred perhaps long before I was born: but is ſtill related by my Mother, and ſome of the oldeſt inhabitants in that part of the country. R. B.

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2

Benighted was an ancient Dame,
And fearful haſte ſhe made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its Willow ſhade.

3

Her footſteps knew no idle ſtops,
But follow'd faſter ſtill;
And echo'd to the darkſome Copſe
That whiſper'd on the Hill;

4

Where clam'rous Rooks, yet ſcarcely huſh'd
Beſpoke a peopled ſhade;
And many a wing the foliage bruſh'd,
And hov'ring circuits made.

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5

The dappled herd of grazing Deer
That ſought the Shades by day,
Now ſtarted from her path with fear,
And gave the Stranger way.

6

Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now, a ſhort quick ſtep ſhe hears
Come patting cloſe behind.

7

She turn'd; it ſtopt!—nought could ſhe ſee
Upon the gloomy plain!
But, as ſhe ſtrove the Sprite to flee,
She heard the ſame again.

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8

Now terror ſeiz'd her quaking frame:
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghoſt kept on the ſame!
She mutter'd many a pray'r.

9

Yet once again, amidſt her fright
She tried what ſight could do;
When through the cheating glooms of night,
A MONSTER ſtood in view.

10

Regardleſs of whate'er ſhe felt,
It follow'd down the plain!
She own'd her ſins, and down ſhe knelt,
And ſaid her pray'rs again.

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11

Then on ſhe ſped: and Hope grew ſtrong,
The white park gate in view;
Which puſhing hard, ſo long it ſwung
That *Ghoſt* and all paſs'd through.

12

Loud fell the gate againſt the poſt!
Her heart-ſtrings like to crack:
For, much ſhe fear'd the griſly Ghoſt
Would leap upon her back.

13

Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,
As it had done before:—
Her ſtrength and reſolution ſpent
She fainted at the door.

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14

Out came her Husband much surpris'd:
Out came her Daughter dear:
Good-natur'd Souls! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.

15

The Candle's gleam pierc'd through the night,
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting Sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

16

An *Ass's Foal* had lost its Dam
Within the spacious Park;
And simple as the playful Lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

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17

No Goblin he; no imp of ſin:
No crimes had ever known.
They took the ſhaggy ſtranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

18

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the Cottage floor:
The Matron learn'd to love the ſound
That frighten'd her before.

19

A favorite the Ghoſt became;
And, 'twas his fate to thrive:
And long he liv'd and ſpread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

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20

For many a laugh went through the Vale;
And ſome conviction too:—
Each thought ſome other Goblin tale,
Perhaps, was juſt as true *.

* A charming little ſtory: excellently told: and moſt pleaſingly and pointedly concluded. C. L.
Sept. 1801.

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THE FRENCH MARINER.

A BALLAD.

An Old *French Mariner* am I,
Whom Time hath render'd poor and gray;
Hear, conquering *Britons*, ere I die,
What anguiſh prompts me thus to ſay.

2

I've rode o'er many a dreadful wave,
I've ſeen the reeking blood deſcend:
I've heard the laſt groans of the brave;—
The ſhipmate dear, the ſteady Friend.

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3

'Twas when *De Graſſe* the battle join'd
And ſtruck, on *April's* fatal morn:
I left three ſmiling boys behind,
And ſaw my Country's Lillie torn.

4

There, as I brav'd the ſtorms of Fate,
Dead in my arms my Brother fell;
Here ſits forlorn his widow'd Mate,
Who weeps whene'er the tale I tell.

5

Thy reign, ſweet Peace, was o'er too ſoon;
War, piecemeal, robs me of my joy:
For, on the bloodſtain'd *firſt* of *June*
Death took my *eldeſt* favorite Boy.

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6

The other two enrag'd aroſe,
'Our Country claims our lives,' they ſaid.
With them I loſt my Soul's repoſe,
That fatal hour my laſt hope fled.

7

With BRUEY's the proud NILE they fought:
Where one in ling'ring wounds expir'd;
While yet the other bravely fought
The Orient's magazine was fir'd.

8

And muſt I mourn my Country's ſhame?
And envious curſe the conquering Foe?
No more I feel that thirſt of Fame;—
All I can feel is private woe.

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9

E'en all the joy that Vict'ry brings,
(Her bellowing Guns, and flaming pride)
Cold, momentary comfort flings
Around where weeping Friends reſide.

10

Whoſe blighted bud no Sun ſhall cheer,
Whoſe Lamp of Life no longer ſhine:
Some Parent, Brother, Child, moſt dear,
Who ventur'd, and who died like mine.

11

Proud creſted Fiend, the World's worſt foe,
Ambition; canſt thou boaſt one deed,
Whence no unſightly horrors flow,
Nor private peace is ſeen to bleed.

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12

Ah! why do theſe Old Eyes remain
To ſee ſucceeding mornings riſe!
My Wife is dead, my Children ſlain,
And Poverty is all my prize.

13

Yet ſhall not poor enfeebled Age
Breathe forth revenge; ... but rather ſay,
O God, who ſeeſt the Battle's rage,
Take from men's Hearts that rage away.

14

From the vindictive tongue of ſtrife,
Bid Hatred and falſe Glory flee;
That babes may meet advancing life,
Nor feel the woes that light on me.

I can hardly imagine any thing more great, generous, and pathetic, than the ſubject, ſentiment, and expreſſion of this ballad. C. L.

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DOLLY.

"Ingenuous truſt, and confidence of Love."

1

The Bat began with giddy wing
His circuit round the Shed, the Tree;
And clouds of dancing Gnats to ſing
A ſummer-night's ſerenity.

2

Darkneſs crept ſlowly o'er the Eaſt;
Upon the Barn-roof watch'd the Cat;
Sweet breath'd the ruminating Beaſt
At reſt where DOLLY muſing ſat.

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3

A ſimple Maid, who could employ
The ſilent lapſe of Evening mild,
And lov'd its ſolitary joy:
For Dolly was Reflection's child.

4

He who had pledg'd his word to be
Her life's dear guardian, far away,
The flow'r of Yeoman Cavalry,
Beſtrode a Steed with trappings gay.

5

And thus from memory's treaſur'd ſweets,
And thus from Love's pure fount ſhe drew
That peace, which buſy care defeats,
And bids our pleaſures bloom anew.

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6

Six weeks of abſence have I borne
Since HENRY took his fond farewell:
The charms of that delightful morn
My tongue could thus for ever tell.

7

He at my Window whiſtling loud,
Arous'd my lightſome heart to go:
Day, conqu'ring climb'd from cloud to cloud;
The fields all wore a purple glow.

8

We ſtroll'd the bordering flow'rs among:
One hand the Bridle held behind;
The other round my waiſt was flung:
Sure never Youth ſpoke half ſo kind!

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9

The riſing Lark I could but hear;
And jocund ſeem'd the ſong to be:
But ſweeter ſounded in my ear,
"Will *Dolly* ſtill be true to me!"

10

From the rude Dock my ſkirt had ſwept
A fringe of clinging burrs ſo green;
Like them our hearts ſtill cloſer crept,
And hook'd a thouſand holds unſeen.

11

High o'er the road each branching bough
Its globes of ſilent dew had ſhed;
And on the pure-waſh'd ſand below
The dimpling drops around had ſpread.

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12

The ſweet-brier op'd its pink-ey'd roſe,
And gave its fragrance to the gale;
Though modeſt flow'rs may ſweets diſcloſe,
More ſweet was HENRY's earneſt tale.

13

He ſeem'd, methought, on that dear morn,
To pour out all his heart to me;
As if, the ſeparation borne,
The coming hours would joyleſs be.

14

A bank roſe high beſide the way,
And full againſt the Morning Sun;
Of heav'nly blue there Violets gay
His hand invited one by one.

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15

The poſy with a ſmile he gave;
I ſaw his meaning in his eyes:
The wither'd treaſure ſtill I have;
My boſom holds the fragrant prize.

16

With his laſt kiſs he would have vow'd;
But bleſſings crouding forc'd their way:
Then mounted he his Courſer proud;
His time elaps'd he could not ſtay.

17

Then firſt I felt the parting pang;—
Sure the worſt pang the Lover feels!
His Horſe unruly from me ſprang,
The pebbles flew beneath his heels;

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18

Then down the road his vigour tried,
His rider gazing, gazing ſtill;
"*My deareſt, I'll be true,*" he cried:—
And, if he lives, I'm ſure he will.

19

Then haſte, ye hours, haſte, Eve and Morn,
Yet ſtrew your bleſſings round my home:
Ere Winter's blaſts ſhall ſtrip the thorn
My promis'd joy, my love, will come.

Highly animated, natural, and engaging. C. L.

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LINES,

OCCASIONED BY

A VISIT TO WHITTLEBURY FOREST,

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

IN AUGUST, 1800.

ADDRESSED TO MY CHILDREN.

1

GENIUS of the Foreſt Shades!
Lend thy pow'r, and lend thine ear!
A Stranger trod thy lonely glades,
Amidſt thy dark and bounding Deer;
Inquiring Childhood claims the verſe,
O let them not inquire in vain;
Be with me while I thus rehearſe
The glories of thy Sylvan Reign.

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2

Thy Dells by wint'ry currents worn,
Secluded haunts, how dear to me!
From all but Nature's converſe borne,
No ear to hear, no eye to ſee.
Their honour'd leaves the green Oaks rear'd,
And crown'd the upland's graceful ſwell;
While anſwering through the vale was heard
Each diſtant Heifer's tinkling bell.

3

Hail, Greenwood ſhades, that ſtretching far,
Defy e'en Summer's noontide pow'r,
When Auguſt in his burning Car
Withholds the Cloud, withholds the Show'r.
The deep-ton'd Low from either Hill,
Down hazel aiſles and arches green;
(The Herd's rude tracks from rill to rill)
Roar'd echoing through the ſolemn ſcene.

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4

From my charm'd heart the numbers ſprung,
Though Birds had ceas'd the choral lay:
I pour'd wild raptures from my tongue,
And gave delicious tears their way.
Then, darker ſhadows ſeeking ſtill,
Where Human foot had ſeldom ſtray'd,
I read aloud to every Hill
Sweet Emma's Love, "the Nut-brown Maid."

5

Shaking his matted mane on high
The gazing Colt would raiſe his head;
Or, tim'rous Doe would ruſhing fly,
And leave to me her graſſy bed:
Where, as the azure ſky appear'd
Through Bow'rs of every varying form,
'Midſt the deep gloom methought I heard
The daring progreſs of the ſtorm.

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6

How would each ſweeping pond'rous bough
Reſiſt, when ſtraight the Whirlwind cleaves,
Daſhing in ſtrength'ning eddies through
A roaring wilderneſs of leaves!
How would the prone deſcending ſhow'r
From the green Canopy rebound!
How would the lowland torrents pour!
How deep the pealing thunder ſound!

7

But Peace was there: no lightnings blaz'd:—
No clouds obſcur'd the face of Heav'n:
Down each green op'ning while I gaz'd
My thoughts to home, and you, were giv'n.
O tender minds! in life's gay morn
Some clouds muſt dim your coming day;
Yet, bootleſs pride and falſehood ſcorn,
And peace like this ſhall cheer your way.

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8

Now, at the dark Wood's ſtately ſide,
Well pleas'd I met the Sun again;
Here fleeting Fancy travell'd wide!
My ſeat was deſtin'd to the Main:
For, many an Oak lay ſtretch'd at length,
Whoſe trunks (with bark no longer ſheath'd)
Had reach'd their full meridian ſtrength
Before your Father's Father breath'd!

9

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave,
And many a dreadful ſtorm defy;
Then groaning o'er the adverſe wave
Bring home the flag of victory.
Go, then, proud Oaks; we meet no more!
Go, grace the ſcenes to me denied,
The white Cliffs round my native ſhore,
And the loud Ocean's ſwelling tide.

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10

'Genius of the Foreſt Shades,'
Sweet, from the heights of thy domain,
When the grey ev'ning ſhadow fades,
To view the Country's golden grain!
To view the gleaming Village Spire
'Midſt diſtant groves unknown to me;
Groves, that grown bright in borrow'd fire,
Bow o'er the peopled Vales to thee!

11

Where was thy Elfin train that play
Round *Wake's* huge Oak, their favourite tree?
May a poor ſon of Song thus ſay,
Why were they not reveal'd to me!
Yet, ſmiling Fairies left behind,
Affection brought you to my view;
To love and tenderneſs reſign'd,
I ſat me down and thought of you.

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12

When Morning ſtill unclouded roſe,
Refreſh'd with ſleep and joyous dreams,
Where fruitful fields with woodlands cloſe,
I trac'd the births of various ſtreams.
From beds of Clay, here creeping rills
Unſeen to parent *Ouſe* would ſteal;
Or, guſhing from the northward Hills,
Would glitter through *Toves'* winding dale.

13

But ah! ye cooling ſprings, farewell!
Herds, I no more your freedom ſhare;
But long my grateful tongue ſhall tell
What brought your gazing ſtranger there.
'Genius of the Foreſt Shades,'
'Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;'
Let dreams ſtill lengthen thy long glades,
And bring thy peace and ſilence here.

Theſe lyric ſtanzas have much of the ſolemn picturesque, and æsthetic. And the addreſs to the author's children gives a new peculiar intereſt to the deſcription. C. L.
25. 1801.

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SONG

FOR

A HIGHLAND DROVER

RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

Now fare-thee-well, England; no further I'll roam;
But follow my ſhadow that points the way home:
Your gay ſouthern Shores ſhall not tempt me to ſtay;
For my Maggy's at Home, and my Children at play!
'Tis this makes my Bonnet ſet light on my brow,
Gives my ſinews their ſtrength and my boſom its glow.

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2

Farewell, Mountaineers! my companions, adieu;
Soon, many long miles when I'm ſever'd from you,
I ſhall miſs your white Horns on the brink of the
Bourne,
And o'er the rough Heaths, where you'll never
return:
But in brave Engliſh paſtures you cannot complain,
While your Drover ſpeeds back to his Maggy again.

3

O Tweed! gentle Tweed, as I paſs your green vales,
More than life, more than Love my tir'd Spirit inhales;
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her bare-footed Laſſes and Mountains ſo blue:
To the Mountains away; my heart bounds like
the Hind;
For home is ſo ſweet, and my Maggy ſo kind.

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4

As day after day I ſtill follow my courſe,
And in fancy trace back every Stream to its ſource,
Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies before
O'er hills juſt as high, and o'er tracks of wild Moor;
The keen polar Star nightly riſing to view;
But Maggy's my Star, juſt as ſteady and true.

5

O Ghoſts of my Fathers! O heroes, look down!
Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of renown,
For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my breaſt,
And fortitude grows both from toil and from reſt;
May your deeds and your worth be for ever in view,
And may Maggy bear ſons not unworthy of you.

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6

Love, why do you urge me, ſo weary and poor?
I cannot ſtep faſter, I cannot do more;
I've paſs'd ſilver Tweed; e'en the Tay flows behind:
Yet fatigue I'll diſdain;—my reward I ſhall find;
Thou, ſweet ſmile of innocence, thou art my prize;
And the joy that will ſparkle in Maggy's blue eyes.

7

She'll watch to the ſouthward;... perhaps ſhe will ſigh,
That the way is ſo long, and the Mountains ſo high;
Perhaps ſome huge Rock in the duſk ſhe may ſee,
And will ſay in her fondneſs, "that ſurely is he?"
Good Wife you're deceiv'd; I'm ſtill far from my home;
Go, ſleep, my dear Maggy,—to-morrow I'll come.

Natural, affectionate, ſpirited, and poetical. C. L.

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A WORD

TO

TWO YOUNG LADIES.

When tender Roſe-trees firſt receive
On half-expanded Leaves, the Shower;
Hope's gayeſt pictures we believe,
And anxious watch each coming flower.

2

Then, if beneath the genial Sun
That ſpreads abroad the full-blown May,
Two infant Stems the reſt out-run,
Their buds the firſt to meet the day,

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3

With joy their op'ning tints we view,
While morning's precious moments fly:
My pretty Maids, 'tis thus with *you*,
The fond admiring gazer, *I*.

4

Preſerve, ſweet Buds, where'er you be,
The richeſt gem that decks a Wife;
The charm of *female modeſty*:
And let ſweet Muſic give it life.

5

Still may the favouring Muſe be found:
Still circumſpect the paths ye tread:
Plant moral truths in Fancy's ground;
And meet old Age without a dread.

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6

Yet, ere that comes, while yet ye quaff
The cup of Health without a pain,
I'll ſhake my grey hairs when you laugh,
And, when you ſing, be young again.

Partial and intereſting in all reſpects. C. L.

Both the young Ladies had addreſſed to me a few complimentary lines, (and I am ſorry that thoſe of the elder ſiſter were never in my poſſeſſion;) in return for which I ſent the above. It was received on the day on which the younger completed her ninth year. Surely it cannot be aſcribed to vanity, if, in gratitude to a moſt amiable family, I here preſerve verbatim an effort of a child nine years old. I have the more pleaſure in doing it, becauſe *I know* them to be her own. R. B.

"Accept, dear Bard, the Muſe's genuine thought,
"And take not ill the tribute of my heart:——
"For thee the laureat wreath of praiſe I'll bind;
"None that have read thy commendable mind
"Can let it paſs unnotic'd—nor can I—
"For by thy lays I know thy ſympathy." F. F.

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ON HEARING OF THE TRANSLATION

OF PART OF

THE FARMER'S BOY

INTO LATIN;

By the Rev. Mr. C———.

Hey Giles! in what new garb art dreſst?
For Lads like you methinks a bold one;
I'm glad to ſee thee ſo careſst;
But, hark ye'—don't deſpiſe your old one.

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Thou'rt not the firſt by many a Boy
Who've found abroad good friends to own 'em;
Then, in ſuch Coats have ſhown their joy,
E'en their *own Fathers* have not known 'em.

Lively and pointed. C. L.

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NANCY:

A SONG.

1

You aſk me, dear Nancy, what makes me preſume
That you cheriſh a ſecret affection for me?
When we ſee the Flow'rs bud, don't we look for
the Bloom?
Then, ſweeteſt, attend, while I anſwer to thee.

2

When we Young Men with paſtimes the Twilight
beguile,
I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy:
And obſerve, that whatever occaſions the ſmile,
You give me a glance; but provokingly coy.

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3

Laſt Month, when wild Strawberries pluckt in the Grove,
Like beads on the tall feeded graſs you had ſtrung;
You gave me the choiceſt; I hop'd 'twas for Love;
And I told you my hopes while the Nightingale ſung.

4

Remember the Viper:—'twas cloſe at your feet,
How you ſtarted, and threw yourſelf into my arms;
Not a Strawberry there was ſo ripe nor ſo ſweet
As the lips which I kiſs'd to ſubdue your alarms.

5

As I pull'd down the cluſters of Nuts for my Fair,
What a blow I receiv'd from a ſtrong bending bough;
Though Lucy and other gay laſſes were there,
Not one of them ſhow'd ſuch compaſſion as you.

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6

And was it compaſſion?—by Heaven 'twas more!
A telltale betrays you;—that bluſh on your cheek.
Then come, deareſt Maid, all your trifling give o'er,
And whiſper what Candour will teach you to ſpeak.

7

Can you ſtain my fair Honour with one broken vow?
Can you ſay that I've ever occaſion'd a pain?
On Truth's honeſt baſe let your tenderneſs grow:
I ſwear to be faithful, again and again.

Simply pleaſing. C. L.

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ROSY HANNAH.

A SPRING o'erhung with many a flow'r,
The grey ſand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a Hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head:
A roſy Laſs approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eye's modeſt beam:
The ſtranger nodded "how d'ye do!"
And leap'd acroſs the infant ſtream.

2

The water heedleſs paſs'd away:
With me her glowing image ſtay'd:
I ſtrove, from that auſpicious day,
To meet and bleſs the lovely Maid.

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3

I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy Moſs the wild-Thyme grew;
Nor Moſs elaſtic, flow'rs though ſweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of roſy hue.

4

I met her where the dark Woods wave,
And ſhaded verdure ſkirts the plain;
And when the pale Moon riſing gave
New glories to her cloudy train.
From her ſweet Cot upon the Moor
Our plighted vows to Heaven are flown;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And roſy Hannah is my own.

This delightful little ſong is charmingly ſet to *muſic* by Mr. ISAAC BLOOMFIELD, the brother to the author. In thus ſpeaking my opinion of the muſic, I ſpeak, not only my own ſentiments, but thoſe of a lady diſtinguiſhed by her voice, ſkill, taſte, and expreſſion. C. L.

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SONG.

THE SHEPHERD

AND

HIS DOG ROVER.

ROVER, awake! the grey Cock crows!
Come, ſhake your coat and go with me!
High in the Eaſt the green Hill glows;
And glory crowns our ſhelt'ring Tree.
The Sheep expect us at the fold:
My faithful Dog, let's haſte away,
And in his earlieſt beams behold,
And hail, the ſource of cheerful day.

2

Half his broad orb o'erlooks the Hill,
And, darting down the Valley flies:
At every caſement welcome ſtill;
The golden ſummons of the ſkies.

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Go, fetch my Staff; and o'er the dews
Let Echo waft thy gladſome voice.
Shall we a cheerful note refuſe
When riſing Morn proclaims, "rejoice."

3

Now then we'll ſtart; and thus I'll ſling
Our ſtore, a trivial load to bear:
Yet, ere night comes, ſhould hunger ſting,
I'll not encroach on *Rover's* ſhare.
The freſh breeze bears its ſweets along;
The Lark but chides us while we ſtay:
Soon ſhall the Vale repeat my ſong;
Go bruſh before, away, away.

This ſtory is indeed, "full of life and vivifying ſoul." I hear this alſo is ſet to muſic by the author's brother. And I am ſure that it is highly ſuited to muſical expreſſion. C. L. 29th Sept. 1801.

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HUNTING SONG

1

Ye darkſome Woods where Echo dwells,
Where every bud with freedom ſwells
To meet the glorious day:
The morning breaks; again rejoice;
And with old Ringwood's well-known voice
Bid tuneful Echo play.

2

We come, ye Groves, ye Hills, we come:
The vagrant Fox ſhall hear his doom,
And dread our jovial train.
The ſhrill Horn ſounds, the courſer flies,
While every Sportſman joyful cries,
"There's Ringwood's voice again."

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3

Ye Meadows, hail the coming throng;
Ye peaceful Streams that wind along,
Repeat the Hark-away:
Far o'er the Downs, ye Gales that ſweep,
The daring Oak that crowns the ſteep,
The roaring peal convey.

4

The chiming notes of chearful Hounds,
Hark! how the hollow Dale reſounds;
The ſunny Hills how gay.
But where's the note, brave Dog, like thine?
Then urge the Steed, the chorus join,
'Tis Ringwood leads the way.

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LUCY:

A SONG.

1

THY favourite Bird is soaring still:
My Lucy, haste thee o'er the dale;
The Stream's let loose, and from the Mill
All silent comes the balmy gale;
Yet, so lightly on its way,
Seems to whisper, "Holiday."

2

The pathway flowers that bending meet
And give the Meads their yellow hue,
The May-bush and the Meadow-sweet
Reserve their fragrance all for you.
Why then, Lucy, why delay?
Let us share the Holiday.

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3

Since there thy ſmiles, my charming Maid,
Are with unfeigned rapture ſeen,
To Beauty be the homage paid;
Come, claim the triumph of the Green.
Here's my hand, come, come away;
Share the merry Holiday.

4

A promiſe too my Lucy made,
(And ſhall my heart its claim reſign?)
That ere May-flowers again ſhould fade,
Her heart and hand ſhould both be mine.
Hark 'ye, Lucy, this is May;
Love ſhall crown our Holiday.

Lively and intereſting. C. L.

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WINTER SONG.

1

Dear Boy, throw that Icicle down,
And ſweep this deep Snow from the door:
Old Winter comes on with a frown;
A terrible frown for the poor.
In a Seaſon ſo rude and forlorn
How can age, how can infancy bear
The ſilent neglect and the ſcorn
Of thoſe who have plenty to ſpare?

2

Freſh broach'd is my Caſk of old Ale,
Well-tim'd now the froſt is ſet in;
Here's Job come to tell us a tale,
We'll make him at home to a pin.

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While my Wife and I baſk o'er the fire,
The roll of the Seaſons will prove,
That Time may diminiſh deſire,
But cannot extinguiſh true love.

3

O the pleaſures of neighbourly chat,
If you can but keep ſcandal away,
To learn what the world has been at,
And what the great Orators ſay;
Though the Wind through the crevices ſing,
And Hail down the chimney rebound;
I'm happier than many a king
While the Bellows blow Baſs to the ſound.

4

Abundance was never my lot:
But out of the trifle that's given,
That no curſe may alight on my Cot,
I'll diſtribute the bounty of Heaven;

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The fool and the ſlave gather wealth:
But if I add nought to my ſtore,
Yet while I keep conſcience in health,
I've a Mine that will never grow poor.

This ſong pleaſes by natural and virtuous ſentiment, and all the free emanation of a good heart: though in diction it might have been a little more ſelect, without injuring ſimplicity. C. L.

Oct. 8th, 1801.

THE END.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

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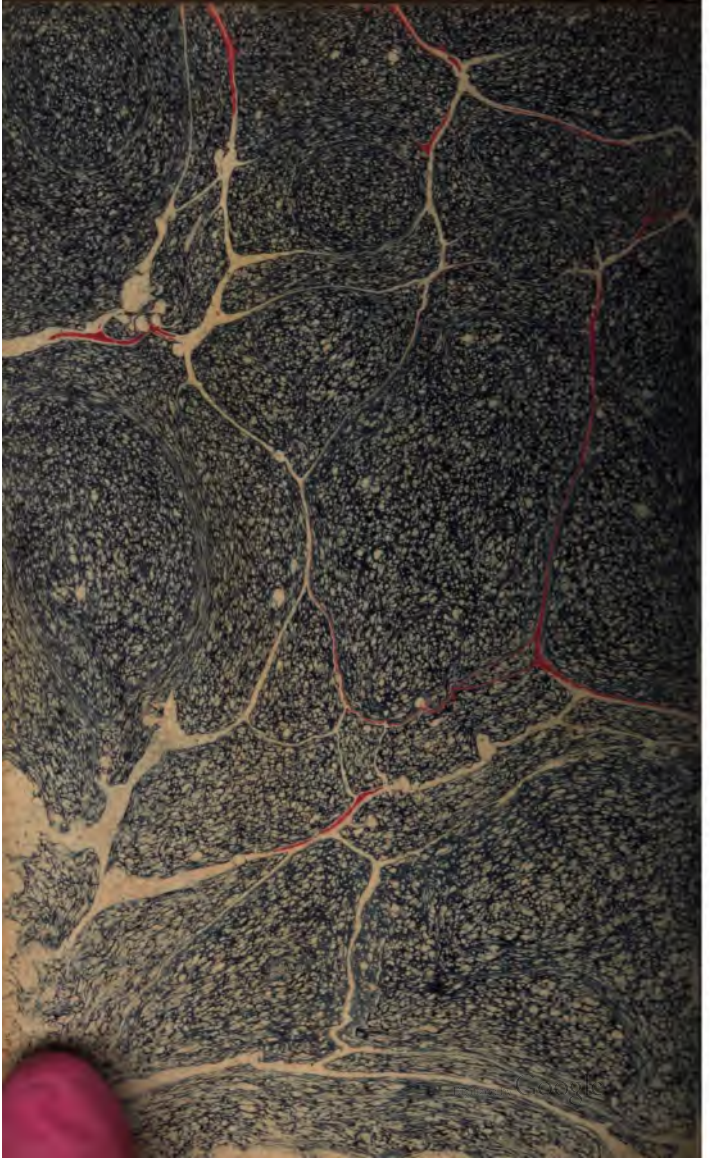

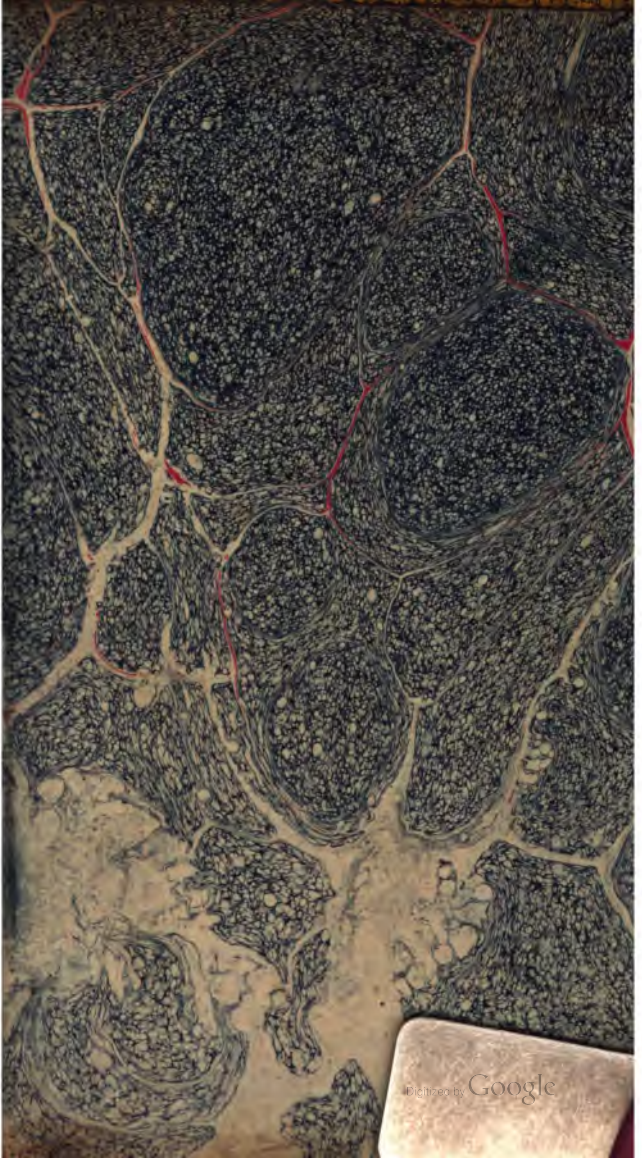
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